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Puck

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ANOTHER OF OUR EXPORTS;—THE AMERICAN FORTUNE.



"ENOUGH TO MAKE A HORSE LAUGH."

IN LUCK.



POOR WRETCH died — they often do —
And passed the Unknown Country to.
His doubting spirit journeyed where
A brazen portal, grim and bare,
His way opposed. With trembling hand
He seized the knocker. Down the land

The stern reverberations rolled
Till lost in Chaos's final hold.

Straight oped the gate with raucous din,
And voices muttered: "Soul, come in!"

Within, long fields of barren sod,
Never by foot of mortal trod,

Stretched starward. On a mighty stone
The Poor Wretch sat him with a groan,

And thought and thought and thought and thought,
And thought some more, but fathomed naught

Of where his journey tended still;
To bourns of peace, or lands of ill.

Then the solution came, and straight
Unto the Keeper of the Gate

He hied him, saying: "Give me, pray,
The Yellow Journal of to-day."

The Keeper's look grew strangely stern;
His eyes like crimson fires did burn,

The while he said, with warning face:
"Not so! They enter not this place!"

The Poor Wretch lifted eyes of praise
Unto the star-lit upper ways

That he should tread; then whispered low:
"My thanks! My thanks! I feared — but,
Oh!

"I feared in vain! This place is not
The one by peace and hope forgot;

"Though greeting spirits stand aloof,
Here's Heaven's gate! — I have the proof."

A. J. Waterhouse.

AN ERROR.

"The 'Shamrock' made a mistake in not sailing on Friday."

"Why?"

"She would have had something to blame for the result."

HOW DID HE FIND OUT?

"The Reverend Dr. Howlhurst declares positively that two-thirds of the society women of New York gamble!"

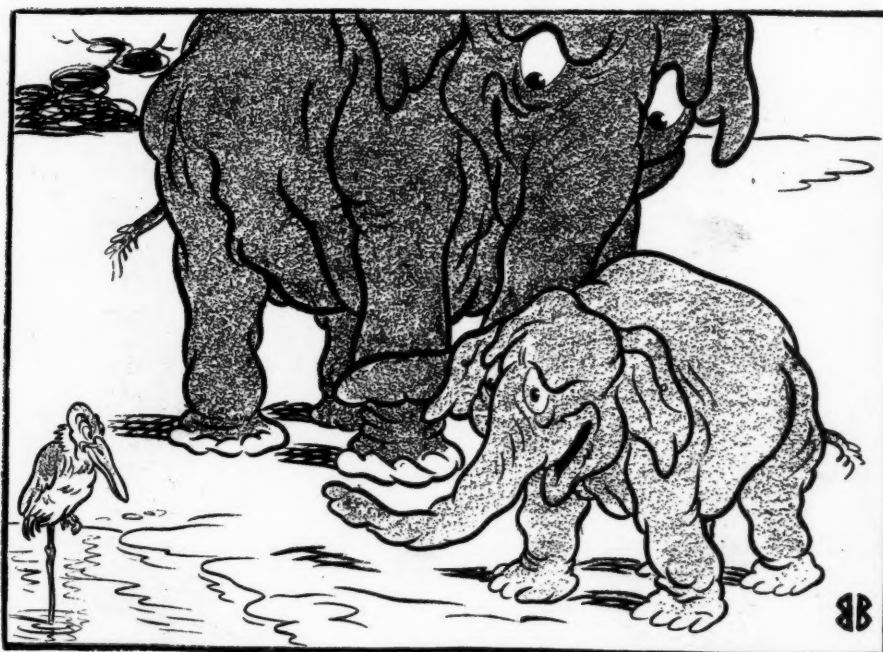
"Well, he must be a rounder, for your life!"

ONE VIEW.

FIRST CITIZEN.—The entire Democratic party is in favor of repudiation now.

SECOND CITIZEN.—What do you mean?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Why, those Democrats who don't want to repudiate anything else are repudiating Bryan.



HARD TO BELIEVE.

THE BABY ELEPHANT.—Oh, Mr. Stork! is it really and truly true that you brought me to Mama?



DOING THE BEST HE COULD.

"And she could not be induced to stay at home?"

"No; although her husband offered to provide her with all the comforts of the club."

THE GROWLS OF A GRIZZLED BACHELOR.



EVERY WINSOME MISS wants to win some mister.
Women are like money—always on the go.
A woman is either always in fashion or in misery.
Women and cats are a great
deal alike—they all think they
can sing.

No woman ever suffers
untold agony—she always
tells all about it.

While a man is as old as he
feels a woman is as old as
she does n't think she looks.

Women will never be
successful in politics;—she
don't live who could be
persuaded to accept hush-
money.

A few women make their
own bonnets, but most of
them pick other women's
bonnets to pieces.

The most of the angel-
cake we encounter is enough
to make us take oath that
there are iron-jawed angels.

If a woman could n't
change her dress, her mind,
and her name, she would
never be satisfied—nor if
she could.

A woman will almost tear the
house asunder to gain her point,
and then cry like a sprinkling-
cart because she has won it.

What is the need of women proposing, when they can make the
men do it and then fling it up to them all through life?

When a woman gets a new dress she needs a new hat; and by
the time she gets the new hat she needs a new dress; and so on, ad
infi-what-d'-ye-call-it?

RELIGION.

No; the man, her husband, posi-
tively would not stand for the cost
of a new Fall hat.

"Wretch!" shrieked the infu-
riated woman. "And after your
solemn promise not to inter-
fere with me in the practice
of my religion!"

But men's promises are
like pie-crust, except that
men have possibly more
respect, begotten though it
be of fear, for pie-crust.

HIS STATUS.

"What is he?"

"Oh! Merely a human
foozle!"

IF EVERY poor man were a
philanthropist, the rich ones
would not be needed.

QUERY.—Was the first states-
man a hypocrite or the first
hypocrite a statesman?

IT IS about time that the infant
industries should have a little
experience with a stern parent.



A COLONIAL BARGAIN HUNTER.

"But I understood thee to say yesterday that business was slow in
thy line," remarked the regular passenger.

"Prithee, give me not away!" whispered the boatman. "I have
told the lady I am rushed to death—else would she beat me down to half-
price for the job!"



THE DANGEROUS KIND.

HAROLD.—I think she would accept me if I should propose.

RUPERT.—Oh! then you're safe enough. It's the kind of girls that accept a chap whether he proposes or not that gives one the rattles!

THE GREAT LONELYVILLE BOYCOTT.



TELL YOU WHAT," optimistically exclaimed Mr. Isolate, of the suburb of lovely Lonelyville, as he seated himself on one of the rear benches of the 6 A. M. trolley-car, so that he might the less conspicuously finish the half of his breakfast roll, and took a comprehensive glance around the car, which was filled with his suburban neighbors, who had pledged themselves to boycott the regular steam-cars on which they generally commuted; "I tell you what, before we are through with it the grasping steam railroad corporation is going to deeply regret not giving us that Lonelyville Express or allowing the Seven-thirty-two to stop at Lonelyville on being flagged, and its utter neglect of our comfort! I find that by getting up at a quarter to five, instead of six o'clock, and catching this six o'clock trolley-car, and by hiring another clerk, I can get along with my business just as well as when I used to go in by steam on the seven-forty-five local."

The situation had indeed become unbearable. When lovely Lonelyville had been started by its projectors the steam railroad company had gotten out special time-tables with a map, on which Lonelyville was represented by a number of black lines running criss-cross across each other, like the wires of a bread-toaster, with "Lonelyville" in big capitals printed over it; and a num-

ber of trains were scheduled to stop there regularly, while others had a small "f" opposite them, which on being looked up on the margin was found to signify that they would stop if a person desirous of catching them stood on the track and waved a handkerchief, in the daytime; or a burning newspaper, at night—*i. e.*, flagged them. Ah! those were gala days in Lonelyville! Free excursions of home-buyers, with brass bands, free beer and lunch, and full-page advertisements in the city papers. However, when the last and least favorable lot had been sold and a cottage built thereon, with green stain on its shingles, which was warranted not to fade out entirely until the second easy monthly payment had been made, the beautiful advertisements ceased, and one by one the daily trains failed to stop at lovely Lonelyville. The gentleman telegrapher and station agent was replaced by a fat lady whose husband peddled milk; and the criss-cross lines with "Lonelyville" in big type had disappeared when the Fall time-table came out, being replaced by merely a slight circular enlargement of the black line representing the railroad, such as appears in the neck of a duck as it swallows a small toad; while the same "Lonelyville" was printed in such small type that by the time the presses had struck off half-a-dozen artist proof copies of the time-table the letters were so clogged with ink that they were entirely undiscernable.

The final extension of the tracks of the new trolley line through lovely Lonelyville had brought some hopefulness into the lives of its browbeaten inhabitants. It afforded them a means of retaliation; and they had agreed to boycott the unaccommodating steam-cars until certain just demands made by them should be respected; and since the Great Lonelyville Boycott the steam company had only been able to sell two monthly commutation tickets, whereas formerly it had been able to count on twenty-two each month! It was somewhat inconvenient to carry on the boycott, to be sure; but—as Mr. Isolate remarked—it could be managed by some little ingenuity, so that it did not make attending to business entirely subservient to it.

The Lonelyville, boycotters had certain necessary rules which had been agreed upon by all; such as, for instance, that by paying a fifty-cent fine, a suburbanite hiring a new cook in the city could bring her out on the steam-cars, lest she might be prejudiced against living in lovely Lonelyville by seeing the time it took to reach there by trolley, before she had felt its rural charm. And, as the trolley



PRETTY GOOD PROOF.

FARMER GREENE.—One o' Josh Medder's Summer boarders skipped out without settlin' and Josh is tickled to death.

FARMER BROWN.—How 's that?

FARMER GREENE.—Why, Josh had been tellin' everybody that th' feller wuz a foreign nobleman, an' that proves it!

PUCK



A BLUNT INTERPRETATION.

MRS. CASSIDY.—Phwhat did Norah's vocal instruthor mane be sayin' thot she had a very mellow voice?

MR. CASSIDY.—“Very mellow” is th' polite wor-rud for “rotten.” Thim singin' tachers is tinder shpoken divils!

people refused to allow mowing machines to be hung on the cycle carriers at the end of their cars, a boycotter buying one could bring it out on the steam-cars with him by paying a fine of a quarter.

The boycott worked charmingly for an entire week. By that time the trolley company began to imagine that the Lonelyvilleites were traveling on its line by preference, and rising an hour earlier and getting home an hour later nightly in order to enjoy the pleasure of swinging around on the end of a car-strap, instead of the less strenuous occupation of sitting in a plush-upholstered seat in the steam-cars and playing checkers.

“Fellow-suburbanites,” Mr. Isolate feelingly remarked, at the final meeting of the Lonelyville boycotters in the fire-engine house at the end of the week, “though the railroad has not conceded anything to us, we have shown it our power, and I feel that it is wise

for us to decide, as we have, to declare the boycott against the company as ended in a draw. Living in the peaceful suburbs tends to make one gentle and not vindictive. The railroad company doubtless felt that it would be encouraging lawlessness if it should accede at once to our demands; but, now that peace reigns once more in lovely Lonelyville, it will soon give us the train service we wish.”

But the railroad company has not done so up to this writing. *Con. C. Converse.*

HE EXPLAINS.

FIRST LYNX.—Taken up golf? I don't understand how you can see anything in the game.

SECOND LYNX.—You don't? You forget that I am lynx-eyed!

THEIR LITTLE PLAN.

“You see, we wanted to make the runs of our automobile club more interesting.”

“Yes?”

“So, before starting, everybody puts so much into a pool, and after the run the pool is divided among those whose automobiles have not broken down.”

INHUMAN OWNERS.

FIRST HORSE.—Just look at that little mare balking! I wonder what's the matter with her?

SECOND HORSE.—Why, don't you see, they've given her an untrimmed hat to wear!

TURNING THE TABLES.

They tell me that there is no death—no pain.

To such erratic beliefs I'll bid defiance;

I'll believe—if I think I must in such a strain—

There's no such thing as Christian Science!

THE FASHIONABLE bathing suit is, of course, designed for sun-bathing.



THE CAPTIVE'S REQUEST.

THE PIRATE.—Well, sirrah, are you ready to walk the plank?

THE CAPTIVE.—N—N—Not yet, Captain. I wish you'd wait till I feel more like it!



PUCK



IN NEED OF SLEEP.

THE FARMER.—I 'm goin' to kill a couple uv good fat hens fer tew-morrer's dinner.

THE SUMMER BOARDER.—For Heaven's sake, kill roosters! The hens don't do any crowing.

HIS ULTIMATE INTERROGATION.



LITTLE CLARENCE (*with a rising inflection*).—Pa?
MR. CALLIPERS (*wearily*).—Uh?
LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, why—
MR. CALLIPERS.—There, my son, that will do you for this time! I don't know whether a man who does good is a good-doer or a do-gooder, or what the moths ate before Adam and Eve wore clothes, or whether the fellow who struck Billy Patterson got the amount he asked for or not, or whether a lady doctor dresses to kill, or if the seat of war is what the standing army sits down on when it gets tired, or why whenever we see a patent medicine picture of a man falling down in a fit his hat is always staying right up in the air; in fact, and briefly, I don't know anything about anything about which you are likely to inquire when you pull the trigger that sets your interrogatory mill to grinding. So, now, if you ask another foolish question, away you will shoot in the direction of your bed with the speed of an arrow! Understand?

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Yes. But, Pa, I was n't going to ask anything like that. Won't you answer just one more question for me, if it is n't foolish?

MR. CALLIPERS.—Well—er—er—?

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Then, Pa, what I want to know is, what did the Dead Sea die of?

MR. CALLIPERS.—Go to bed now!

Tom P. Morgan.



ETIQUETTE INTERFERES WITH GRATITUDE.

"I had to ask her, but I'm glad she sent her regrets."

"I suppose so. I presume you felt like acknowledging her regrets with thanks."

HIS PENURIOSNESS.

JAY GREEN (*solemnly*).—I was readin' an item in the paper last night about a girl that was pizoned by eatin' ice cream. She died in awful agony!

MISS DAISY FLITTERS (*sarcastically*).—H'm! She would have been alive yet if she had been keepin' company with you!

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT ANY DAY.

PADDOCK.—Ha! Ha! The horse I bet on was beaten by a nose; but the winner was disqualified.

FRIEND.—Why?

PADDOCK.—The stewards discovered his nose was false.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

BLEARY BILL.—Wuz yer ever real hungry in yer life?

PANHANDLE PETE.—Wuz I? Say! I wuz wunst so hungry dat when a guy gimme a dime I blowed a nickel uv it fer food.

IN THE YEAR 2000.

"I tell you this literary controversy is becoming fierce!"

"What literary controversy?"

"Why, over the question which was the best advertised novel of the twentieth century."

AGAIN THE CAT.

"What was the proof-reader fired for?"

"The yachting sharp wrote about a 'cat-rigged yawl,' and it appeared in the paper, 'cat-rigged yowl.'"

A VISITOR FROM MARS.

The Martian was much distressed upon observing the streets filled with funeral corteges.

"Is it that there is a plague on your city?" he asked, anxiously.

I laughed heartily at his innocence.

"Oh, no!" I replied. "It is simply that the ball team plays at home this afternoon. These are the obsequies of grandmothers of office-boys, you know!"

As he still manifested perplexity, I concluded that Martians have little or no sense of humor.

NOT TIRED.

"Wants a renomination? Why, last time he asked a nomination merely as a vindication."

"Well, he 'd like a re-vindication."

IT WILL be admitted, of course, that the White Man should treat his burden like a white man.

IT IS N'T that we are anxious to die rich, but a good many of us would like to live rich right up to the last minute.

SPEAKING of the mysterious ways of Providence, why is it that the natures best fitted to amass wealth are precisely the natures that draw the line at finger-bowls?



PUCK



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DEFECTIVE IMAGINATION.

MR. JOHN D. CRIMMINS, a prominent citizen of this town, was interviewed a little while ago concerning "protected" vice. "I can not imagine," said he, "that the police would openly protect such violations of the law." It sounded amateurish and futile at the time to say that Mr. Crimmins was devoid of the imaging faculty. There seemed to be need of a quantity less than nothing, to indicate that he would have to acquire considerable imagination before he began to have any at all; that none would begin to show above the surface, so to say, until an enormous cavity had been plugged with it. But Mr. Crimmins is not unique in this infirmity. The average citizen is loath to believe things of the police, even in the face of disclosures so convincing as those now being discussed. He may admit that blackmail is levied furtively now and then by one official or two; but that it is an organized system, complex of detail, recognized by every police and city official, and regarded with as little curiosity as any other branch of police work—this he is powerless to imagine. And yet, as to other things, the imagination of the average citizen leaps to a wondrous activity. Of all classes of business men the least venturesome is the professional gambler. Strictly, he is no gambler, for he has learned the dangers of chance and the possibility of eliminating that factor. He knows that the gambling public will take all the chances and insure him a certain income. Any dry-goods merchant is more a gambler than any gambling-house proprietor, for he must reckon with more uncertainties. Yet Mr. Crimmins and his average fellow-citizen are equal to imagining that this man, who has learned the folly of taking chances, will invest a hundred thousand or so of dollars in a business which requires him to be continuously a felon in the most public manner, and "take chances" on the policeman at the corner never suspecting him. And they perform a feat of imagining still more preposterous. They can really imagine that the policeman at the corner remains ignorant of the gambling-houses and other unlawful places, year after year. To imagine such blindness in these active, alert, knowing men,—to imagine them continuously insensible to conditions that would become apparent to deaf, dumb and blind paralytics,—this transcends imagination, and there is no word for its transcendence. In but one other respect does the average citizen achieve anything to compare with this: he does it only when he imagines that even an honest police could prevent gambling and those things for which a dishonest force now takes blackmail. To rectify his imagination would appear to be one of the immediate duties of the average citizen.

CONCERNING TITLES.

PUCK EXTENDS his hearty disapproval to that "Society for the Suppression of Spurious Titles" which is endeavoring to annoy some of the best people of Virginia. To those who are resigning their titles under the menace of an investigation we counsel stubbornness. Let them swell erect in the white light of such titles as Heaven has permitted them to accumulate, and prove their moral right thereto by defying a Society that would carpingly demand particulars. The first victim of this pusillanimous inquisition has already demonstrated his clear right to be called "Doc." by his townsmen; and in all Virginia there surely is no Colonel with less spirit than this horse physician. Let them court the ordeal. For there are no spurious titles. The distinction usually made between the military and civic title is invidious and unintelligent. Fortuities of military warfare may conspire to elevate the undeserving. But where is the domestic

Colonel that has not earned his title fairly by an exhibition of merits that compelled it from his neighbors? No happy chance of battle may distinguish him. His honors are justly worn. In Kentucky, it is true, one may be born to a title; but, even there, it must oftener be achieved by superior quickness at the trigger or the knife, in at least one encounter with a gentleman; or by the breeding of a speedy thoroughbred; or by an intimate identification with the noble industry of distilling. How, then, shall a title be called spurious which is conferred by a discerning generation only for those physical and mental endowments which make a Colonel the world over? Are there not Nature's Colonels as indubitably as there are Nature's noblemen,—men whom, for their masterly bearing, impressive fronts and distinguished gray side-whiskers, the discriminating stranger instinctively commissions? What matter if, for want of war's alarms, they splendidly condescend to the trivialities of every-day peace? Let us have rather more than fewer titles. There is a relish in the mouthing of them, and a moral stimulus in their possession. Are not the most of our quarter of a million Colonels and Majors better men to-day through the consciousness that they must live up to their titles? The crimes of the day are not committed by these. The Virginia Society is subversive of domestic order. If more of us were called "Colonel" more of us would deserve to be.

A REAL SCIENCE has closed with the mosquito in what may be a death struggle for that pest. And science gives a needed testimonial to the sanity of the age. To devote time to Arctic exploration, dirigible air ships, wireless telegraphy, Christian Science, political economy, wars of conquest and similar non-essentials, while the mosquito actually kept down the average of human happiness, was to behave irrationally. The mosquito could fetch malaria to the best of us. And what should it profit a man to establish the authorship of the Pentateuch or demonstrate the objectivity of the sea-serpent if he lost his health meanwhile, or even if his comfort were destroyed and his temper quickened? What avail to know all else but how to keep from being stung to desperation by a creature that knows nothing except how to sing at its work? And now science with its trusty kerosene can go out to pour oil upon the troubled waters and myriads of mosquitoes yet unborn stay that way. An addition is thus made to the reasons for which life is worth living, and, of all human effort, how little has achieved so much? When the triumphs of the twentieth century are recounted this should be foremost. But it probably will not be. The mosquito will be rather an interesting tradition, and the populace, no longer speckled and lumpy, will be passing laurels to the deviser of inter-planetary communication or something else which we could do very well without.



POSSIBILITY OF A DOUBT.

DUGAN.—Everything do be an th' square in this place, Brady!
BRADY (who has just realized that he is being played)—Oh! Oi don't know. This is th' fifth round Oi've paid for!



JOTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TRYING TO DRAG HIM FROM HIS

FUCK



FROM HIS ALTAR AND HIS IDOL.

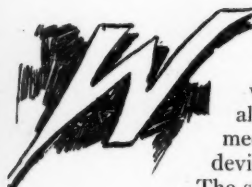
PUCK



HE PROTESTS.

"Great hind foot!" exclaimed the hare, as he finished reading the fable; "this yellow journalism is something fierce. Why, if all the bookmakers knew as little about my speed as Aesop does, I'd put them out of business in one season!"

A TROUBLE-SAVING SYSTEM.



WE ARE all of us afflicted, at divers and sundry times throughout our waking moments, with irrelevant questions that have to be answered and inane remarks to which a response is sometimes necessary. We can not always escape, neither may we remain dumb, and it is to meet these exigencies that the following system has been devised.

The system is one of a series of cards, with which it is proposed to supply the consumer at a nominal cost, and its workings may best be illustrated by means of the submitted samples.

For instance, upon entering the barber's chair and preparing to relapse into a state of partial coma, forestall the tonsorial artist by handing him this one:

Not to-day. No; I believe not.

Yes, I occasionally shave myself; in which event I always use a can-opener or a piece of broken glass.

I probably need it, but I also need a Spring tonic, a set of golf clubs, an automobile, and a trip to Europe.

Yes; that last hair-cut was a bum one. I got it on board a canal-boat and the craft was rocking badly.

Not any, please! I am anxious to become bald as soon as possible, as my wife is older than myself and sensitive about it.

It is confidently expected that this will completely flabbergast him, and that you will be permitted to escape without having your shoes kalsomined or your skull gone over with a carpet-sweeper.

For the literary person who corners you at the club, in the Turkish bath, or elsewhere, we have the following:

Not yet; but I am going to.

I have seen the dramatization of it.

I shall as soon as the public library gets it.

In regard to the "Love Letters of an Englishwoman," I suspect Dick Croker and Willy Wally Astor of having collaborated on them.

Oh, yes! I think Ibsen so incomprehensibly obvious as to more than compensate for the clear and lucid vagueness of his style.

While he is masticating that last one, you will have ample opportunity of withdrawing in good order.

When, while riding on the cars, you are addressed by the clerical-looking individual with the sad, sweet smile, take out your card-case and bestow this one on him:

U'm! Sometimes.

Whichever church my wife patronizes.

That depends a good deal on the infant.

I have an uncle who is a Christian Scientist, but he is in jail just now.

Sorry; but I intend contributing my mite this year to the Fund for the Furnishing of Hair-Brushes to Bald-headed Cannibals.

The next is for the benefit of the sporty gent who warms up to you in the smoker.

Yep! Must have been doped.

Could have licked him in his palmiest days.

Yes; you can bet your life he's the dandy south-paw.

Sure, it's a bum Scotch game. Rather play tiddle-de-winks with a lot of paralytics.

I got that scar when I was a kid. My brother gave it to me while trying to brain me with a brick.

We feel certain that the above will jolt him against the conversational ropes, as it were, while this one will save you lots of valuable time during business hours.

Gr-rh! Can't interest me.

Hydrophobia complicated with mumps.

Yes; it's undoubtedly a grand good thing—for the company.

I have a friend with your concern and have promised to give him my business. My dear sir, I am afflicted with hereditary consumption and alcoholism; have been refused by six companies; and, besides, have applications in for fifty-thousand dollars'-worth of insurance, already.

The next will also prove of inestimable value; for, while we can not always guarantee to save you, it will at least aid you to succumb gracefully.

Yah! Am quite busy this morning.

Fired the furnace with books all Winter.

No "Life of Funston" for me. I'm an Anti-Imperialist.

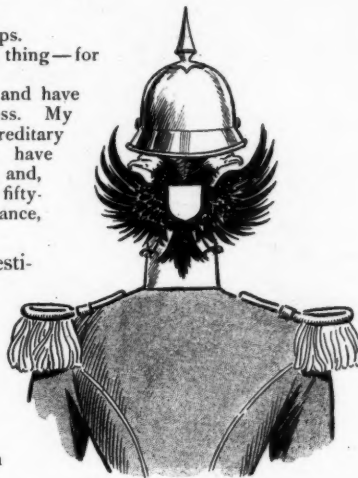
Father subscribed to the "Living Age" more than twenty years ago and has n't finished paying for it yet.

"Sapho," with illustrations? Well, call again, some time.

These are but a few of the many styles we propose placing before the public. We admit that the system will not fit perfectly each and every case, but we claim that it will come near enough to it for all practical purposes.

If you have among your acquaintances any bores of pronounced predilections, kindly address Department Z, and we shall be pleased to take their measure for cards to suit.

W. S. Adkins.



A SUGGESTION.

The German Emperor might arrange his hair in this manner.



AS TO MATRIMONY.

NIECE.—As we're both single, Auntie, we have n't any experience!

MAIDEN AUNT.—But I'm older than you—

NIECE.—Well, yes, you've had a longer inexperience!

PUCK



A VILLAGER'S VIEWS.

SEE in this week's paper that Priscilla Spriggs is wed,
An' judgin' by the write-up, why, they must have had a spread:
Her folks are in the city now an' puttin' on more style
Than they 'd have ever dreamed of 'fore ol' Billy Spriggs
struck ile.

The man Priscilla married, from the way the paper reads,
Must have more wealth t' roll in than a royal fam'ly needs.
But the nicest part about it was, at least it seemed t' me,
Ol' Bill spent nigh a thousan' fer Priscilla's *lingerie*!

We used t' be near neighbors 'fore Bill got the movin'-itch,
Sold out, went West t' buy a place, an' there he struck it rich!
They sunk an ile-well on his farm an' first thing, I declare,
We heard o' Spriggs the papers 'lowed he was a millionaire.
Priscilla were n't knee-high then, but she's growed a lady grand,
An' 's moved in high society a queen, I understand.
She allers was a likely gal, an' so I'm glad t' see
The ol' man come down handsome fer Priscilla's *lingerie*!

I knowed they had lace-curtains, yes, an' carpets on the floor
So deep with plush, I've heerd, they had t' run lawn-mowers o'er
The surface for t' shave 'em ev'ry week, so one could walk.
I could n't vouch fer that, though, fer it might 'a' been jes' talk!
The gal's had what she wanted fer herself, I almost knew—
A bicycle, fast hosses, an' a grand piano, too;
So, though I never seen one, an' it may n't jes' useful be,
I'm mighty glad she's got this thing that's called a *lingerie*!

Roy Farrell Greene.

HER SPECIALTY.

"The average woman knows how to say 'No.'"

"Oh, yes! She can make it express all possible shades of meaning."

AS LONG as business is business, it is not surprising that persons with sensitive consciences show an inclination to avoid it.

THE IMPULSIVE RAM, AND THE READY ATHLETE.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.

AS TO A MARRIED COUPLE.

"They do quarrel about trifles, but I'm not sure that that is a bad sign."

"It is n't?"

"Well, it may indicate that they have nothing else to quarrel about."

HER IDENTITY.

"Yes, yes; you're right," said the side-show proprietor, in confidence, to a friend whom he had just been showing through the Congress of Wonders. "The Female Abyssinian Snake-eater is no lady. But it is just as well not to say anything about it in her presence, for she is an Irishman that used to work in a brickyard out in Indiana; and, you know, them brickyard Irish is all scrappers!"

TONS.

The bride was the recipient of many costly gifts.

Conspicuous among these was a ton of coal that had been in her family for more than four generations.

This was much admired by reason of its quaint, old-fashioned massiveness, it being much heavier than tons of coal in these days.



NATURALLY.

"If you knew that you had to live your life again, what would you be?"

"A theosophist."

COMPARATIVELY SO.

MRS. PORKCHOPS. — Cræsus must have been quite a rich man.

MR. PORKCHOPS. — Oh! I suppose he was—for them times.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

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Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 22d St. in Greater New
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Pozzoni's
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION POWDER

is famous for keep-
ing the skin soft and
delicate because the
healing ingredients
are in the powder.
Put it on with a
small piece of
chamois skin.
Sample free.

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NEW YORK OR ST. LOUIS

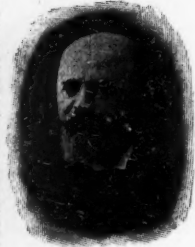


"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

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**Pepsin
Gum**



Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
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These Cigars are manufactured under
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bacco. If we had to pay the imported
cigar tax our brands would cost double the
money. Send for booklet and particulars.

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Chester **SUSPENDERS**
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CAREFUL DRESSERS

They stretch only when you do, and do not lose their
stretch as others do. They're handsome, durable, sen-
sible, and as comfortable and effective after long wear as
when new. The Chester at 50 cents is the best at any
price, though we have cheaper models for a quarter.
All are GUARANTEED.

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Branch Factory, Brockville, Ont.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.



WORSE YET.

MOTHER.—If you marry him in haste you will repent at leisure.

DAUGHTER.—Well, I can't bear to think of any other girl repenting
at leisure with him.

Stops Diarrhoea and Stomach Cramps.
Dr. Sievert's Genuine, Imported Angostura Bitters

No foreign substance enters into Cook's Imperial
Extra Dry Champagne. It's the pure juice of the
grapes naturally fermented.

"My largest item of expense is on
account of advertising."
"I was not aware that you were in
business."
"I am not. But my wife reads the
ads. in the papers." — *Indianapolis
News.*


TRUE HUMANITY.

THE HEAD-WAITER.—That Humane
Society woman made a big fuss about
her coffee being too hot.

WAITER NO. 7.—Yes; she claims
that it scalded a fly that got into it. —
Harper's Bazar.

TRY THE NORTH COAST LIMITED.

For
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cents



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PACIFIC**

You can obtain "WILD FLOWERS FROM
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inches in size and having 10 specimens of beautifully pressed and
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PARK and the NORTHWEST, ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS.
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For Shampooing

At this season of travel and of out-door life, the hair should be frequently washed with a pure neutral soap, to remove the dust and cinders that collect, and to keep the scalp in a healthful condition.

For cleansing the hair and scalp, nothing equals Williams' Shaving Soap.

A small piece of the soap produces a great mass of thick, creamy lather, which carries off every particle of dust or dandruff, and leaves the hair soft, fluffy and silky.

Williams' Soap allays irritation, is cleansing and healing, and delightfully cooling and refreshing. A shampoo with this soap is great luxury on a hot day. Try it!

TRIAL Tablet (sufficient for a dozen shampoos) for 2c. stamp.

Williams' Shaving Soap is exquisite for all toilet purposes.
 Package of 6 tablets by mail for 40c. if your dealer does not supply you.

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THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

DRESDEN
SYDNEY

GIVE the graduates time. Sooner or later they will recover from that habit of feeling bad over the ignorance of the world.—*Washington Post.*



TO MEET THE EMERGENCY.

GRANDPA.—Take all that stuff home? What would Mama say?

SHE.—Oh! You could say that we must let the children enjoy themselves!

Clear the cobwebs from your brain by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine at grocers or druggists.

If those who are going out on a strike could meet and converse with those who are just returning from the same sort of enterprise the walking delegates might not be able to do such a rushing business.—*Washington Post.*

THE weather observers, the rain crows and the tree frogs should hold a convention and adopt new rules for making damp prophecies.—*Indianapolis News.*

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Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes.

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The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

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Could make a feather duster.

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"The embodiment of tone and art."

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have P. W. P. on each roll. Made by Pittsburg
Wall Paper Co., New Brighton, Pa. Ask us for
book showing patterns in color fac-simile.

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civilization," said Uncle Eben, "when
a man is so ready to sell his vote an'
so unwillin' to paht wif a yaller dog."
—Washington Star.

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UNDERWEAR
In all sizes and best materials.
At Your Dealers.
Send for booklet to the makers.
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ATTRACTED.

"You seem to take a great interest in that literary young woman's con-
versation."

"Yes," answered the young man who has a very massive neck and lots of
stripes in his clothing.

"I did n't know you cared for poetry and romance."

"I did n't, either. But some of the words she uses would make fine names
for a string of horses."—Washington Star.

Milo
CIGARETTES

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DIRECT ROUTE TO THE **PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION**
from the east, south and southeast. Through the "Switzerland of America."

Millions
Note label.
of Keiser-Barathea Cravats have
been worn with such satisfaction
to the wearers that the sale of
this neckwear is constantly and
rapidly increasing.

THE guests at a Pennsylvania Sum-
mer hotel were robbed the other evening
by outside talent.—Washington Post.

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HOW MUCH BETTER
GUNTHER'S CANDIES
are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT
HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will
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Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 234 William St., N. Y.

THE ONE TRUE HEART.
Miss Mary lef' me in de lan'—
Fur off she done depart;
But de Watermilyun clost my han',
En he give me all his heart!

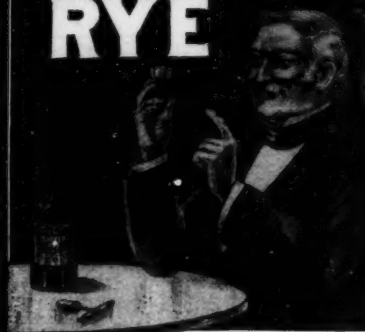
Oh, Miss Mary,
Gone in de ol' ox-cart!
But de Watermilyun clost my han',
En he give me all his heart!

Miss Mary lef' me mighty low,
En she never make no sign;
But de Watermilyun say he know
Dat his red, ripe heart is mine!

Oh, Miss Mary,
Gone in de ol' ox-cart!
But de Watermilyun clost my han',
En he give me all his heart!
—Atlanta Constitution.

"HAVE you sent your regrets,
Dorothy?" asked Mama of her little
daughter, who had decided not to go
to a party to which she had been asked.
"I have n't any tō send, Mama,"
answered Dorothy. "I don't want to
go."—Indianapolis News.

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Keep your head cool
And your feet warm,
And a glass of "Old Harper"
Will do you no harm—but a
great deal of good we are sure. If
local dealers can not supply it, write
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"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"May Trimble brighten the rays of
friendship,
But never diminish its lustre."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
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AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Boston is to have forty new portable school-houses to follow the shifting
school population. There is no escape for the Boston youth.—*Phila. Ledger.*

AN INTERESTING STANDARD.

"What is your idea of a man of honor?"
"A man of honor," said the French nobleman, throwing
out his chest, "is one who will pay his wine bills and card
debts, even if he has to marry in order to get the money."
—*Washington Star.*

HABIT.

JACK.—I've resolved to give up drinking and betting
and all that sort of thing.
TOM.—Oh! You'll never keep that resolution.
JACK.—I'll bet you the drinks I do!—*Catholic
Standard and Times.*



EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

MAMA.—It's so hard to tell what is the matter with him!
PAPA.—Well, we're bound to find out if he goes on this way every night!

It is so dry that lightning-bugs are setting
fire to the grass.—*Atchison Globe.*

You look better, feel better, are better when your
run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the
Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
ARE FASHIONABLE
AND FIT SHORT, STOUT AND SLIM MEN
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Wholesale Tailors,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

SOME GEORGIA NUGGETS.

There's always life in the old
land. The trouble is, you have to
dig to find it.

The motto is, "Make hay while
the sun shines." But you can't
accomplish it with an umbrella in
one hand and a palmetto fan in the
other.

Folks who are always finding fault
with this world are the first to send
for the doctor to keep 'em from go-
ing to the other.

The man who hopes for the best
may finally get to the worst; but,
as a rule, he gets there whistling.—
Atlanta Constitution.

Business Men



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ate its wearing qualities; everyone
admires its ease-giving principle.
No other suspender like it. Look
for the name "President" on the
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C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,
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they look tough enough.—*Atchison Globe.*

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On account of the Thirty-fifth Annual En-
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Tickets will be sold and good going Sep-
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